

Is Pe-ru-na Useful for Catarrh?

Should a list of the ingredients of Pe-ru-na be submitted to any medical expert, or to a school of medicine, he would be obliged to admit without reserve that each one of them was of undoubted value in chronic catarrhal diseases, and had stood the test of many years' experience in the treatment of such diseases. THERE CAN BE NO DISPUTE ABOUT THIS WHAT-EVER. Pe-ru-na is composed of the most efficacious and universally used herbal remedies for catarrh. Every ingredient of Pe-ru-na has a reputation of its own in the cure of some phase of catarrh.

Pe-ru-na brings to the home the COMBINED KNOWLEDGE OF SEVERAL SCHOOLS OF MEDICINE in the treatment of catarrhal diseases; brings to the home the scientific skill and knowledge of the modern pharmacist; and last but not least, brings to the home the vast and varied experience of Dr. Hartman in the use of catarrhal remedies, and in the treatment of catarrhal diseases.

The fact is, chronic catarrh is a disease which is very prevalent. Many thousand people know they have chronic catarrh. They have visited doctors over and over again, and been told that their case is one of chronic catarrh. It may be of the nose, throat, lungs, stomach or some other internal organ. There is no doubt as to the nature of the disease. The only trouble is the remedy. This doctor has tried to cure them. That doctor has tried to prescribe for them.

BUT THEY ALL FAILED TO BRING ANY RELIEF.

Dr. Hartman's idea is that a catarrh remedy can be made on a large scale, as he is making it; that it can be made honestly, of the purest drugs and of the strictest uniformity. His idea is that this remedy can be supplied directly to the people, and no more be charged for it than is necessary for the handling of it.

No other household remedy so universally advertised carries upon the label the principal active constituents showing that Pe-ru-na invites the full inspection of the critic.



Libby's Food Products

Libby's Veal Loaf With Beef and Pork

Do you like Veal Loaf? You will surely be delighted with Libby's kind, made from choice fresh meats, in Libby's spotless kitchens. It is pure, wholesome and delicious in flavor.

Ready for Serving At Once—Simply garnished with sauce if an appetizing entrée for luncheon or dinner.

Ask your grocer for Libby's and insist upon getting Libby's.

Libby, McNeill & Libby Chicago

He Could Fill the Bill.
A day or two after George B. Cortelyou assumed the duties of Secretary of the Treasury, he was visited by an elderly man who wanted an appointment as confidential clerk to one of the assistant secretaries.

Notwithstanding the fact that he was very busy at the time, Mr. Cortelyou gave the elderly person a hearing. On account of his age, Mr. Cortelyou said, he felt that he could not comply with the request. So, gently but firmly, he intimated to the old man that it was about time for him to go. This, however, did not dampen the latter's spirit in the least.

"Now, sir," said he, "as I feel myself irregularly competent to fill one of these confidential clerkships, I hope that you will further consider my application." Then, wagging his head most impressively, he added:

"Oh, Mr. Cortelyou, I could be so confidential!"—Success Magazine.

A Trick of the Trade.
William Little Bigger, whose name you have doubtless very often seen in the magazines in connection with poetry, was doubtless a shining light in the literary firmament, but he had risen so high that he was beyond the reach of poverty. Meeting a fellow laborer, he ran his hand in his pocket (which was probably empty) and said: "Say, Migs, have you got change for a quarter?"

"Sure," was Migs' reply; but the blow nearly killed father when William Little Bigger said:

"Please lend me a dime."—Lippincott's.

Designing Creatures.
"Get busy!" he exclaimed, the boss ant of the heap. "Here comes another man with a microscope."

Whereupon, although there was no work that really needed to be done, every individual ant quit soldiering and began to hustle frantically around the premises, substantially as the man afterward described the performance to admiring audiences.—Chicago Tribune.

TWO SISTERS HAD ECZEMA.

Cuticura Cured Scaly Troubles of Two Illinois Girls—Another Sister Took Cuticura Pills.

"I must much praise to all the Cuticura Remedies. I used but one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment, as that was all that was required to cure my disease. I was very much troubled with eczema of the head and a friend of mine told me to use the Cuticura Remedies, which I did, and am glad to say that they cured my eczema entirely. My sister was also cured of eczema of the head by using the Cuticura Remedies. Another sister has used Cuticura Resolvent and Pills and thinks they are a splendid tonic."—Miss Edith Hammer, R. F. D. No. 2, Morrison, Ill., Oct. 5, 1906.

THE CHARITY GIRL

By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

Dr. Sentance's hopeful prognostications were fulfilled. Jack Glendurwood awoke after that long, heavy sleep a different being. It was evening when the slender, slim, and at once his gaze went round the room in search of that lovely girl face that had haunted his dreams so delightfully.

"Audrey!" he whispered, faintly, and some one came hurriedly out of the dusk and knelt beside the bed.

"They said no words, only his hand clasped itself round her two little ones and he lay gazing at her sweet eyes as though they were heaven itself.

"Now you have turned the corner, and are going on well, I am going to look after your wife, Lord John," Dr. Sentance said, cheerily.

"My wife? What a world of passionate tenderness, even though it was whispered and not spoken, rang in those two little words! Audrey's heart thrilled.

"She must rest; she is young, and needs plenty of sleep, and she has been fretting over you in a most terrible fashion. Come, Lady John, you can leave his bedside to me. I will look after her for you."

"For nearly two minutes Sheila and Beverley were struck speechless as Lady Daleswater rushed in with her bad news. The girl had turned ashen white, and Beverley's hands clinched themselves involuntarily. Lady Daleswater recovered herself first.

"Who is this gentleman?" she asked coldly, feeling annoyed that she had betrayed her family affairs before a complete stranger.

Beverley answered her at once. "I am a man to whom this intelligence is more painful than you can possibly imagine, Lady Daleswater," answered Beverley.

"Mr. Beverley Rochfort means that he is madly in love with this girl, who has hung herself at your brother's head," said Sheila suddenly. "It will be better to explain everything to you, dear Lady Daleswater."

"The countess listened attentively; she was so deeply engaged with her mother, brother and the poor innocent little creature who had allied herself to the dual family, that every nerve thrilled to be able to seize upon something, however faint, that might be worked upon to bring about an annulment of this odious marriage. She uttered a sharp exclamation; it almost sounded like joy as she listened.

"All is not so bad," she cried. "Sheila, don't you understand? Mr. Rochfort, as this creature's guardian, cannot only object to the marriage, but, according to the letter of the bond he holds, can insist on the girl living where he wishes. Mr. Rochfort, that piece of paper must be in my lawyers' hands tonight, and unless I am very much mistaken, they will ratify what I say—that you will have absolute and entire control over the girl."

Sheila's cheeks grew a shade rosier as she heard Lady Daleswater's clear, proud tones.

"The countess is right," she said to Beverley, as they were alone: "you will be able to break this absurd marriage. You must! You must!"

"There are other ways of disposing of the marriage besides simple annulment," he said to himself, cynically, and he smiled in the fun. "If that course fails, as fail it must, for we have not a leg to stand upon, I don't think I shall be very disheartened. My wife has never failed me yet, and my day will come!"

It was quite nine o'clock and the earl had just returned from Mountberry, and had poured an account of what had occurred between himself and the duchess into his wife's ears. Lady Daleswater was simply furious with resentment against her mother, but she did not discuss the matter further as Sheila came in.

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Just when conversation on the vexed and important question was in full swing, a note was brought in and handed to the countess. She read it through, and grew white as the lips with mortification. "Mr. Rochfort has deserted us and gone over to the enemy," she said, curtly, and then she handed the letter to her husband and bid him read it aloud.

Beverley wrote very clearly and briefly. He had already consulted his lawyer, who had said to him promptly that any question of annulling the marriage was as impossible as absurd; therefore he begged Lady Daleswater to accept his decided refusal to join her in this matter.

"I am sure when you are less, and I may say, justly, incensed at this marriage, you will see that as a man of honor I can do nothing but stand for were I to enforce my guardianship, must rob Lady John Glendurwood of the large fortune which was bequeathed by Mr. Roderick Anstruther on his deathbed. I regret that I can offer your ladyship no avail in the matter."

"It is a sad news," she said, alone in her room. "Of course, if that confounded paper would have stood the light of day I would not have accepted to use it, but it is too feeble a bridge to carry me over. This other is a safer and a surer one! Once a friend in John Glendurwood's house, the rest will be easy!" and he laughed softly.

Poor, sweet, young Audrey, how little did she know the storm clouds that were gathering over her—clouds born of Judaea's treachery, envious hate, mean spite, degraded passion, and other evil human motives.

CHAPTER XV.
The excitement and gossip about Lord John Glendurwood's romantic marriage lingered much longer than the proverbial nine days.

A month passed away, and a curious month it was to Audrey. Every day she sat with her mother, studying French and Italian, and having her first lessons on the piano and in singing. Audrey lived in her dreams and in her studies. She was so strangely, incomprehensibly happy. To define her condition of mind was an impossibility. It seemed to her as though some fairy had suddenly touched her with a wand, and everything about her had changed to this delightful existence. In a dim, misty sort of way, she recognized that she had become a grand lady, but that was not by any means a certainty.

She wrote often to Jean Thwait and reiterated her vows of never-ending love, but somehow Jean's letters pained her and left a sort of discomfort.

Jack, in fact, was alarmed at all that had happened to her whimsical friend, and now that Audrey was a grand married lady she was separated from her humble childhood's companion by a social chasm they could never bridge over; therefore Jack wrote tidily and with much constraint, and both girls sighed over the simple yet strong friendship which had lived and now was ended.

March living came like a lamb, was going out in the most approved topline fashion. How the wind blew, and how dreary the gray skies looked above the tossing trees.

"We shall have a fall of snow, depend upon it that is what is coming," declared Dr. Sentance. "Take my advice, Lord John, fold yourself up in as many rugs as you can find, and the way south to the sun and the warm breezes."

"Where ought I to go?" he asked, wearily.

"Well, I think Florence would be an excellent spot. Suit both her ladyship and yourself."

"I—I quite sure that Aud—my wife will never consent to this arrangement."

"Pray, why not?"

"She—oh, well, hang it all, doctor, look how she neglects me! I might be dead and buried and she wouldn't care! She has never been near me for a month—never since I was so bad!"

"It strikes me that you are a very foolish young man, Lord John, if you imagine your young wife doesn't care anything about you, and as to her not coming to see you, well, I think if you reflect a little you will agree with me that so young a girl is apt to be shy and modest. Modesty is so rare nowadays, my lord, I would not try to do without it if I were you."

The young man's cheeks were quite healthy in color.

"I dare say I am a fool, but I have been worrying myself that, perhaps, Audrey had married me only out of pity, when she thought I was dying and—"

"And a lot more nonsense of the same sort, of course," broke in the old doctor, cheerily, his eyes twinkling as he spoke. "You don't seem to realize, my lord, that you are the hero of a romance. It is not every one who can boast of such a marriage as yours, but, though romance has its pleasant points, it also has its disagreeable ones, and unless I am very much mistaken, that sweet little maiden will be ever so much happier when she is rescued from the curious and carried away for a time by her husband."

Jack Glendurwood nearly shook Dr. Sentance's hand off.

"What an idiot am I!" he exclaimed. "Most lovers are," was the dry reply. "And you will take my advice about this foreign trip?"

"I will go and find my wife this very moment, and if she agrees we will start at once."

CHAPTER XVI.
Audrey had finished her Italian reading and was sitting before the fire on a low stool, playing with one of Jack's dogs, who seemed to adopt her as their mistress while he was ill, when the door opened slowly behind her.

The duchess had had this little room arranged for the girl; it was a great deal of a dainty place, fit nest for so exquisite a bird.

"I do believe Pat could speak if he liked, mother dearest," Audrey laughed softly, not looking round.

"If any one could make him speak, you could," a voice answered her, softly. The girl sprang to her feet, while Pat, a shaggy, rough-haired Dandy Dinmont, ran forward with a whine of pleasure to greet his master. Audrey's face was first rosy and then white.

"Oh! What have you been doing?" she cried in deepest anxiety. "You—"

"I am walking across the room," Jack laughed, very gently; "and I assure you I feel better every step I take."

Audrey's heart was beating so wildly, it seemed to send a thrill through all her limbs. She was startled, and was very shy and nervous. She had no idea he was so well as this; it was a great shock to turn round and see him standing there, smiling with his eyes and lips as he had smiled that first day of their meeting.

"Well," said Jack, as he came to a standstill before her, "are you not going to say something to me, Audrey?"

"I am very glad," she said, and then she stepped, for he had suddenly thrown his arms about her and drawn her close to his heart.

"My dearest, my sweetest wife!" he murmured, passionately, while a flood of color rushed into her cheeks. "My own, my very own!" and then, before she was aware of it, he had kissed her lips softly, whispering tender words all the while.

With an almost inarticulate cry she buried her face on his breast and clung to him with a force which was the sweetest sensation Jack Glendurwood had ever experienced. He saw how wise the old doctor had been, and how well he had prompted him to end the unsatisfactory condition of affairs.

By and by he sat down in the big chair, and she nestled on the floor beside him, and holding and kissing her hands alternately, Jack unfolded his plan for taking her away directly.

"Sentance says I must go," he added, plaintively, as he waited for her answer. "It will cure me entirely."

"Then," she blushed quietly—"then let us go at once, my—my darling."

And so, when Constance Fraser entered the room a little while later, she found the two sitting together, and learned that as soon as everything could be arranged, the young couple were ready to start.

With smiles and deepest blessings, they took their departure a few days later. Audrey bought a present for Jean in every foreign town she visited, and when the season was over Jack had promised she should have her poor little school friend to stay with her for as long as she liked.

They had not settled where they would live permanently, but they were both inclined to Crete. Lord Iverne was going to be taken abroad by his mother to some mineral waters, and the poor fellow had expressed a wish that his brother and his bride would make Craiglands their home for a time.

It will be so near neither," Audrey said, and Jack had not told her that Mrs. Fraser would no longer inhabit Craiglands House. He felt that it would give her so much pain, and, besides, he was so ashamed and angry with Sheila for her cruel conduct, that he determined not to tempt him.

There was no need to let Audrey know how Sheila had behaved, for Mrs. Fraser would go to Crete with the Duchess of Harborough, and would in all probability reside abroad for a few months.

Audrey exclaimed with pleasure as they drove into the pretty grounds at Hurlingham, and was so lost in gazing at them that she was quite unconscious of the sensation her appearance was causing the crowd of fashionable. Of course, she had done nothing but discuss the John Glendurwood marriage, and now the sight of the young man's handsome and well-known face revived the curiosity and gossip afresh.

"Jack Glendurwood is here with his wife! Have you seen them? What is she like? A nurse girl, wasn't she? Of course she is awful! What hardship to bring her out so soon; she must be raw, however pretty! What will Sheila Fraser and Lady Gladys Daleswater do? These and dozens of quick questions and remarks of the like sort ran like wildfire through the throng.

Jack was very calm. He lifted his hat and gave a few directions to the groom, while Audrey looked around her, a picture of exquisite simplicity and unsurpassable loveliness in her soft white silk dress, with a little high white bonnet crowning her dark locks. She was not only beautiful, she was that most desired of all things, "good form."

Constance Fraser had carefully superintended this, and had chosen nothing but the prettiest and most youthful dresses.

"I see our mothers," said Audrey, turning to her husband.

"Come along, we will go to them," returned Jack, who could scarcely conceal a smile as he read the utter amazement and admiration written on nearly every face. Audrey walked through the crowd quite easily. The strains of the band sounded pleasantly in her ears, and she smiled across to where her mother sat waiting for her to come. The duchess bent toward Constance Fraser.

"My dear," she said, warmly and tenderly, "the child has conquered already. She is perfect; look at her walk, at her carriage. Why, there is scarcely a woman here who can hold herself like Audrey does. I am proud of her!"

Lady Daleswater was standing some distance away from where her mother was sitting. The rupture between them was open gossip, so neither took any precautions about guarding against remarks on the fact of their not speaking.

Sheila Fraser was with the countess; in fact, she was staying with the Daleswaters. There was a younger brother of the earl's, whom Gladys had destined should win and use the Fraser thousands for this reason, and because she knew that Sheila was an implacable foe to the girl who had dared to thwart her plans, and who she determined in her imperious fashion should yet be made to suffer.

(To be continued.)

WHEAT FOR WAGON TIRES.

New Substitute for Rubber May Work a Revolution.
A new substitute for rubber has been found and if claims of the inventor prove to be well founded there will be motor cars and bicycles with tires made of wheat, golf balls that are made of kernels of maize, pavements of barley and linoleum that might have been rye bread.

British patent office records show that some 300 inventions of substitutes have been filed, not one of which has attained success.

The new claimant is William Threlfall Carr of Wembley. He proposes to make artificial rubber from cereals. It is said that a syndicate of capitalists interested in tire manufacturing has offered him \$1,200,000 for his patent rights.

The invention of artificial rubber was prophesied at the recent meeting of the British Association and the industrial world has been eager for it ever since the motor car and bicycle trades threatened to exhaust the supply of the natural article.

Mr. Carr's substitute is obtained by treating any cereal with phyllin, a well-known chemical substance that acts in solution as a ferment, turning the starchy matter in grain into dextrose. Another chemical is used in the process to check the fermentation at any desired stage. This makes it possible to produce the artificial rubber in several different strengths.

The inventor proposes to make the substance in six grades, from a liquid solution suitable for waterproofing to a hardness suitable for golf balls, in which it is said to possess the lightness of cork and the toughness of chilled steel. In other grades it will be serviceable for tires, tubes, linoleum work and slabs or sheets for block pavement.

Mr. Carr intends to visit Canada and other grain-producing countries for the purpose of arranging for supplies of cereals in quantities sufficient to cope with the operations contemplated. When he was asked if his invention might not have the effect of increasing the price of food he replied: "There is no danger. The new linoleum will be a reserve food supply. In the event of a famine it can be boiled and reconverted into food."

Nor Was His Neck Rubber.
The plaintiff's barrister in the breach of promise case thought he would make life a burden to the unfortunate young man who was the unwilling defendant.

"Do you mean to say," he asked, after a number of embarrassing questions, "that after you had been absent for an entire month you did not kiss the plaintiff, to whom you were engaged to be married, when you first saw her on your return?"

"I do," responded the defendant, firmly.

"Will you make that statement to the jury?"

"Certainly, if necessary."

"Do you think that they would believe you?"

"One of them would, I know."

"Ah, indeed! And why should he, pray?"

"Because he was present when I first saw her. He was at the gate when I rode up, and she stuck her head out of the second-story window, and I said to her, 'How d'ye do!' and called out 'I'd be back to supper in half an hour. I'm no grafter,' and everybody smiled except the barrister.—Fit-Bits.

Possible Explanation.
Mabel—Oh, no; he hadn't the face to even try to kiss me.

Stella—Perhaps you didn't have the cheek to tempt him.

WHAT THE VOICE SAID AT EVENING.

Rest, life, and be still. The task of the day is done. What you have sown God trusts to the soil, the rain and the sun. What you have dreamed is His thought of days that are yet to be. What you have hoped He counts in the sheaves of eternity.

Rest, life, and be still. For you falls the night—sweet boon! Truth lives in eternal day—like the sun, in eternal noon. Touch, O soul, the soul of the infinite, patient God. Who plants the seeds of the ages in the moment's mouldering sod.

Rest, life and be still. God gave this sunset hour. That, watching, you might feel the peace of His quiet power. In lights and colors of life no dusk of death can mar. God paints this day in heaven, and over it hangs a star.

—Youth's Companion.



On his return from the village one afternoon, Daniel Lang entered the house with a preoccupied look on his face, which quickly vanished as he caught sight of his wife.

"Well, I declare, Maria," he exclaimed, "if I didn't forget all about that yarn! Never thought of it till this minute. And the gingham, too. It's too bad!"

After a search through his pockets he finally procured a much crumpled bit of cloth. "Here's the sample you gave me," he said, in a propitiatory tone, as if there might be some slight merit in having brought that back in safety.

"I told you so!" said Mrs. Lang. "Or, at any rate, I thought to myself when you started off that you'd forget more than you would remember. It was easy enough to see that your wits were wool-gathering all the time I was giving you your charges. I should think that you had been gone long enough, though, to do all your errands twice over."

"Well, you see," said Daniel, "I was tending to a little matter of business."

"Business?" cried his wife. "I'll warrant you've gone into that petroleum, Daniel Lang! Just as I expected, she went on, as she read assent to her guess in his eyes. "I told you that man Rosencraft would inveigle you into that foolishness if you didn't look out!"

"It isn't foolishness," protested Daniel. "It's an A No. 1 investment. Everybody knows that there's money in oil."

"Money in oil!" scoffed Mrs. Lang. "Yes, for Rosencraft, no doubt! And the oil is all on his tongue. He's a smooth one. I told you, from the first—"

"Now, Maria, do be reasonable. Do you suppose that such men as Deacon Locke, and Squire Marks, and old Mr. Evans, that's as close as the bark to a tree, would let Rosencraft fool them, even if he wanted to? I tell you, they don't go into things with their eyes shut. They've investigated. Squire Marks has figured it out that those shares will pay from fifty to seventy-five per cent dividends the first year, and nobody knows how much after that. Why, they've struck oil already! Rosencraft had a bottle of it with him this afternoon, and he let me smell of it."

"Remember that patent churn, Daniel? And what I told you when you bought the county right for forty dollars? And how it came out?"

"Of course I do. You've reminded me of it twice a week on an average for the last ten years. But this is different. This isn't a speculation; it's a certainty."

"Now, Maria," he went on, coaxingly, "don't be offish. I'm doing this more on your account and Rosetta's than on my own. I want you to take some comfort as you get along in years, and I want Rosetta to have advantages. They say that every man has his chance once in his life, and this is mine."

"For the land sake, Daniel! You talk as if you were buying a whole wheel yourself. How much are you calculating to put in?"

"Well," said Daniel, avoiding his wife's steady gaze, "you see, Rosencraft had just fifteen shares left, and we got to bargaining, and on the spur of the moment, so to speak, he offered 'em to me for an even thousand. He was sorry the minute I took him up, but it was too late."

A full minute passed before Maria found her voice. "A thousand dollars!" she gasped, at last. "A thousand dollars! Where is the money coming from?"

"Why, I'm going to borrow it of Mr. Evans—just for the time being."

"And mortgage the farm? O, Daniel, you don't mean it!"

"It isn't going to be one of these long-running mortgages," said Daniel, doggedly. "I can pay off quite a part of it before snow flies, and the balance next year. You don't seem to realize that the dividends will be coming in right away."

The discussion lasted for a long time, but with no effect on either side. "It's no use arguing with you, Daniel," said Mrs. Lang, finally, dropping her voice from the key to which it had been raised. "You are clean bewitched. But when you wake up some day to find that you've been swindled out of house and home, perhaps you will remember that I told you beforehand."

And having thus spoken, she left the room.

When Daniel brought the note and mortgage for his wife's signature the next day he was quite prepared to be met by further remonstrance, and perhaps refusal; but much to his relief she complied without a word, although the look on her face as she wrote her name under his on each of the two documents was certainly eloquent.

After Daniel had folded them and taken them away, so far as this particular subject was concerned, there was a silence in the Lang household that lasted for many a day.

It was different in the town at large. Wherever men congregated the talk was about petroleum, until it might have seemed that boring for oil up in Canada was Greenhill's leading home industry.

It must be nearly forty years now since the brief period of Mr. Rosencraft's activities in Greenhill, but that suave and engaging gentleman, and the enterprise that he brought to the attention of many substantial citizens are even yet not wholly forgotten.

Late in the autumn Daniel Lang was "drawn on the jury," and consequently was absent from home for some days.

On the day that he was expected to return, Rosetta, the 14-year-old daughter of the house, came from an errand to the village with startling news.

"O, mother," she exclaimed, as she rushed into the house, "what do you think? Squire Marks and Deacon Locke got back from Canada yesterday. They had been up there to look after those oil wells, and it seems they couldn't find the least sign of oil. They didn't find Mr. Rosencraft, either, and now they say that the shares aren't worth the paper they are printed on. I guess everybody is pretty much stirred up about it. They say Mr. Evans takes it dreadfully hard, and talks about going to the poorhouse."

"I guess he won't go to the poorhouse at present," said Mrs. Lang, remembering a certain note that she had signed. She had grown very pale as she listened to the news, but she made no other comment.

"Mother," asked Rosetta, presently, "how much money has father lost?"

"He hasn't lost anything to speak of," was the reply. "I want you to remember that when you are away from home," added Mrs. Lang, significantly, "a little later she said, with an attempt at cheerfulness, "Wouldn't you like to spend the rest of the day with your cousin Addie? You haven't been there for some time. You may stay to supper if Aunt Emma invites you."